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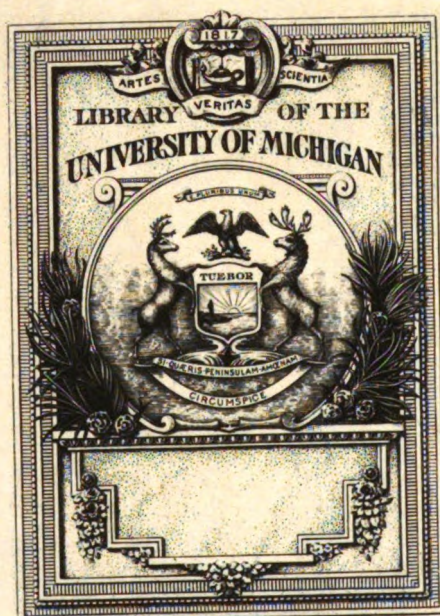
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DRAMATIC CANTATA

FOR SOPRANO, TENOR AND BASS SOLI, CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

THE VERSE WRITTEN BY

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

FRANCO LEONI.

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THE GATE OF LIFE.

PORTIA }
PROBUS } *Christians.*

CHIEF PRIEST OF JUPITER.
ROMANS.
CHRISTIANS.

SCENE I.—THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

SCENE II.—THE PRISON.

SCENE III.—THE ARENA.

ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

PART I.

(Dedication of the Temple of the Sun.)

Romans.

Awake, awake, majestic Rome!
Awake, the laughing beams of morn
Thy peerless palaces adorn,
And light with glances bright and free
On Tiber winding to the sea.

This day proud Rome with joy shall ring,
And eager crowds their homage bring;
For lo! the builder's work is done,
Behold the Temple of the Sun!
Its noble columns, gleaming white,
Are glorious in the morning light;
The great Aurelian's gift behold,
In marble pomp and shining gold!

The gods we serve our lives shall crown
With love, and mirth, and war's renown!
Rejoice, the builder's work is done!
Behold the Temple of the Sun!

Chief Priest.

Be silent all! This Temple beautiful,
The noble gift of Rome's great Emperor,
Is reared for homage to the mighty gods
Who gave to Rome her glory. We await
Aurelian's presence at its dedication.

Hark! 'tis the tread of legions—hear the blare
Of loud and stirring trumpets! lo! he comes!
In splendid state the mighty Cæsar comes,
With captive kings, and gold, and Orient gems!
To dedicate his Temple of the Sun,
Dread Cæsar comes! the great Aurelian comes!

Romans.

Dread Cæsar comes! the great Aurelian comes!
Hail! Cæsar, hail! hail! great Aurelian, hail!

Chief Priest.

At this our beauteous Temple's dedication,
Our willing hands we raise;
And to the gods we offer rich oblation,
In sacrifice and praise.

Romans.

At this our beauteous Temple's dedication, &c.

Chief Priest.

Great Jupiter! Supreme in power and splendour!

We at thy altar fall!
Be as of old, our ever strong defender,
When on thy name we call!

Romans.

Great Jupiter! Supreme in power and splendour, &c.

Chief Priest.

Thou mighty one who speakest in the thunders,
O hear us when we cry!

Thou chief of gods who workest mighty wonders,
O hear us when we cry!

Romans.

Thou mighty one who speakest in the thunders,
&c.

The Voice of Portia.

God is but One! Eternal, immortal, invisible!
Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but One!

Chief Priest.

Who dares to thus blaspheme the gods of
Rome?
Away with them, for they shall surely die!

Romans.

Away with them, for they shall surely die!
See! see! the heavens grow dark! it is the
frown
Of angered gods! Death to the Nazarenes!
The lightnings leap! spare us, great Jupiter!
The thunders roll, the altar fires are quenched!
Death to the Nazarenes!

Probus.

O voice beloved, pure as angel tone,
Thy word is truth, thy message all divine;
The God of Jesus, He is God alone—
So let thy faith and let thy fate be mine.
O voice beloved, speak yet once again—
From thy pure soul I catch the sacred flame—
Thy faith be mine, whate'er may be the pain!
Thy faith be mine, e'en to a death of shame!
Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but One!

Romans.

Death to the Nazarenes! away with them!
The Christians to the lions! death to them!
The Christians to the lions! they deny
And mock the gods of Rome! Away with
them!

PART II.

(*The Prison. Midnight.*)

HYMN OF THE CHRISTIANS.

Weary pilgrims, know no fear,
Though by cruel wrong oppressed;
God will dry your every tear,
He will guide you to your rest.

Who are these whose garments white
Realms of deathless love adorn?
These are they from sorrow's night,
Souls by pain and anguish torn.

Thus may we find sweet release,
When from all our troubles free,
In that radiant home of peace,
We shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee.
Amen.

Portia.

'Tis midnight, and the stars, like angel eyes,
Gaze on Imperial Rome. A gentle peace
Breathes from the tranquil depths of silent
night;
All, all is hushed, save the slow, measured tread
Of lonely sentinel, or, faint and far,
The trumpet of the watch; and, fitfully,
Through massive walls, the deep and muffled
tones
Of famished lions, indistinct yet dread,
Like thunder rolling on the distant hills.

Probus.

Death's night is dark, but heaven's fair morn
is near!
Hast thou a fear, O my beloved?

Portia and Probus.

I hear the voice of Jesus sweetly calling,
In holy tones, through all the ages blest,—
“Be not afraid, for I am with you ever,
Be not afraid, for I will give you rest.”

Where is thy sting, O death! where, grave, thy
triumph!
Soon shall we lay our heavy crosses down,
And in our home of never fading glory
Receive the prize of an immortal crown!

At death's dark portal undismayed,
With eye of faith I pierce the shade,
Assured that Jesus waits me there,
With welcome to His mansions fair;
O'erjoyed that I should worthy be
To die for Him who died for me.

A warrior spent with wounds and strife,
I come to death, the Gate of Life;
This side is dark, but why despond
When heaven's own glory glows beyond!
And hark! my spirit seems to hear
The Angel voices soft and clear!—

CHORUS.

At death's dark portal undismayed,
With eye of faith ye pierce the shade,
Assured that Jesus waiteth there for you.

Ye warriors spent with wounds and strife,
Nor come to death, the Gate of Life;
This side is dark, but why despond!
Ye hear the Angel voices soft and clear!

PART III.

*(The Arena.)**Chief Priest.*

Within the vast arena, tier on tier,
 The countless thousands wait. Their voices
 come
 Like the loud murmur of the restless sea
 Upon a beaten strand. Look down, ye gods!
 Look down, and from your solemn heights
 approve!
 Hark, 'tis the trumpets! Great Aurelian comes!
 With haughty stride he passes to his place,
 While the huge walls with boist'rous welcomes
 ring.

Romans and Chief Priest.

Hail! mighty Conqueror! all hail!
 Hail! mighty Emperor! all hail!
 Thy victor sword hath spread afar,
 The glory of triumphant war!
 And thou wilt deal swift death to those
 Who to thy country's gods are foes!

Probus.

The hour is come; now with unfaltering step
 We go to meet the Master; let no eye
 Within the dreadful circle shrink with fear,
 But each to each breath courage and resolve.
 A hush falls on the people:—let us raise
 The fearless hymn of those about to die!

CHORUS (CHRISTIANS).

The Lord is on our side!
 Why should we be afraid!
 The lamps of heaven in beauty shine
 Across death's dreary shade.

The Lord is on our side!
 And from the distant skies
 We catch e'en now the deathless strains
 Of Angel harmonies.

The Lord has called us home
 To His own mansions fair,
 He holds to us His loving arms,
 And bids us welcome there.

Portia.

God is but One! Eternal, immortal, invisible!
 Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but
 One!

Romans.

Death to the Nazarenes! lo! they blaspheme
 Our sacred gods! Death to the Nazarenes!

Portia and Probus.

Forsake your gods, O Romans! turn to Him
 Who on His throne eternal lives and reigns!
 He will forgive your sins through His dear
 Son,
 And make you living temples of His praise.

Romans.

Death to the Nazarenes! blasphemers, die!
 Hark! 'tis the angry roar of the avengers!
 See! see! they come! the desert lions come!
 With lightning leap they bound across the
 sand!
 Death to the Nazarenes! Thus perish all
 Who dare defy the deities of Rome!

CHORUS.

The fight is over and the victory won!
 The dark wing'd angel brings a kind release;
 They hear the words, "O faithful souls, well
 done!
 Your loved ones wait you in your home of
 peace."

Fling wide the golden gates! Let glory stream
 Afar into the night! Ye choiring hosts,
 Whose wings make paths of light among the
 stars,
 Strike your loud harps! Let Heaven's vast
 arches ring
 With angel welcomes to the martyr band!

Glory to Him who sits upon the throne
 And lives and reigns, world without end.

Amen.

SHAPCOTT WENSLEY.

PART I.—DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.

FRANCO LEONI.

8276.

peer - less pa - la - ces a - dorn, And light with glan - ces bright and free, On

peer - less pa - la - ces a - dorn, And light with glan - ces bright and free, On

peer - less pa - la - ces a - dorn, And light with glan - ces bright and free, On

peer - less pa - la - ces a - dorn, And light with glan - ces bright and free, On

Ti - ber wind-ing to the sea. This day proud Rome with joy shall ring, And

Ti - ber wind-ing to the sea. This day proud Rome with joy shall ring, And

Ti - ber wind-ing to the sea. This day proud Rome with joy shall ring, And

Ti - ber wind-ing to the sea. This day proud Rome with joy shall ring, And

eag - er crowds their homage bring; For lo! . . . the builder's work is done, Be

eag - er crowds their homage bring; For lo! . . . the builder's work is done, Be

eag - er crowds their homage bring; For lo! . . . the builder's work is done, Be

eag - er crowds their homage bring; For lo! . . . the builder's work is done, Be

rit. *a tempo.* 1 3

hold the Tem-ple of the Sun!

- hold the Tem-ple of the Sun! A-wake, ma-jes-tic

- hold the Tem-ple of the Sun! A-wake, ma-jes-tic

- hold the Tem-ple of the Sun! A-wake, ma-jes-tic

rit. *a tempo.*

A - wake, awake, ma -

Rome, . . a-wake, ma-jes - tic Rome!

A - wake, awake ma -

Rome, . . a-wake, ma-jes - tic Rome!

8va

- jes-tic Rome! Its no-ble columns gleaming white, Are

Its no-ble columns gleaming white, Are

- jes-tic Rome! Its no-ble columns gleaming white, Are

Its no-ble columns gleaming white, Are

glo - rious in the morn - ing light; The great Au - re - lian's gift be - hold, In

glo - rious in the morn - ing light; The great Au - re - lian's gift be - hold, In

glo - rious in the morn - ing light; The great Au - re - lian's gift be - hold, In

glo - rious in the morn - ing light; The great Au - re - lian's gift be - hold, In

mar - ble pomp and shining gold ! The gods we serve our lives shall crown With

mar - ble pomp and shining gold ! The gods we serve our lives shall crown With

mar - ble pomp and shining gold ! The gods we serve our lives shall crown With

mar - ble pomp and shining gold ! The gods we serve our lives shall crown With

love and mirth and war's re - nown ! Re - joice, . the build - er's work is done ! Be - hold the

love and mirth and war's re - nown ! Re - joice, . the build - er's work is done ! Be - hold the

love and mirth and war's re - nown ! Re - joice, . the build - er's work is done ! Be - hold the

love and mirth and war's re - nown ! Re - joice, . the build - er's work is done ! Be - hold the

Tem - ple of the Sun ! Awake, majes - tic

Tem - ple of the Sun ! Awake, majes - tic

Tem - ple of the Sun ! Awake, majes - tic

Tem - ple of the Sun ! Awake, majes - tic

Rome, .. awake, majes - tic Rome, a - wake,

Rome, .. awake, majes - tic Rome, a - wake,

Rome, .. awake, majes - tic Rome, a - wake,

Rome, .. awake, majes - tic Rome, a - wake,

a - wake, ma - jes - tic Rome, a -

a - wake, ma - jes - tic Rome, a -

a - wake, ma - jes - tic Rome, a -

a - wake, ma - jes - tic Rome, a -

molto rit.

Più presto.

6

wake!

wake!

wake!

wake!
Più presto.

CHIEF PRIEST.

Be si-lent

Andante.

all! . This Tem-ple beau-ti-ful, The no-ble gift of Rome's great

Andante.

Em-per-or, Is reared for hom-age to the night-y gods Who gave to Rome her

glo-ry. We a-wait.. Aurelian's pre-sence at its de-di-ca - - -

3 *Allegretto.*

tion.

Hark!... 'tis the tread of le - gions.— . . .

Allegretto ♩ = 88.*p*

hear the blare Of loud and stirring trumpets!

lo! he comes!

In splendid

state the might-y Cæ-sar comes, With captive kings, and gold, and Orient gems! To de - di-cate his

Tem - ple of the Sun,

Dread Cæ-sar comes! . . . the great Au-re - lian

comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Maestoso.

ff

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Dread Cæ - sar comes !

Allegro con spirito.

the great Au - re - lian comes !

the great Au - re - lian comes !

the great Au - re - lian comes !

the great Au - re - lian comes !

Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 132.



First system of a musical score. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and a crescendo leading to a 'molto rall.' (very slow) section. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

Second system of the musical score. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a fortissimo (*ff*) section marked 'a tempo', and then a piano (*p*) section. The right hand has a melodic line with an 8va (octave) marking.

Third system of the musical score. It continues the piano (*p*) section with alternating fortissimo (*ff*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The right hand includes an 8va (octave) marking.

Fourth system of the musical score. It continues the piano (*p*) section with alternating fortissimo (*ff*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The right hand includes an 8va (octave) marking.

Fifth system of the musical score. It begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) section, followed by a piano (*p*) section, and then a 'rall.' (ritardando) section. The right hand includes a 7 (seventh) marking.

Meno mosso, poco rubato. $\text{♩} = 54$.

Sixth system of the musical score. It begins with a pianissimo (*pp*) section, followed by a fortissimo (*ff*) section, and then a piano (*p*) section. The right hand includes a 7 (seventh) marking.



CHORUS. *pp*
Ah,

pp
Ah,

cres.

cres.

ah,
ah,
ah,
ah,

cres.

System 1: Four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part features triplets and a crescendo leading to a section marked "8va" and "cres. Faster."

System 2: Four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts, mostly containing rests. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, continuing the accompaniment from the previous system with triplets and a crescendo.

System 3: Four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts, each beginning with a vocalization "ah," followed by melodic lines. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, starting with a measure marked "9" and a crescendo. The system concludes with a measure marked "8va" and triplets.

Musical score for piano and voice, page 14. The score consists of five systems. The first system has four staves (three vocal, one piano). The second system has two staves (piano and voice). The third system has two staves (piano and voice). The fourth system has two staves (piano and voice). The fifth system has two staves (piano and voice). The piano part features complex textures with chords and arpeggios. The voice part includes lyrics: "rall - en - tan - do."

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Allegro con spirito.

cres. *cres. e rall.* *stentato.*

CHORUS (ROMANS).
Maestoso.

Hail! Cæ sar, hail!

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Maestoso. *ff a tempo.*

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Hail! Cæ - sar, hail!

Andante.

Hail! great Au-re - lian, hail!

Hail! great Au-re - lian, hail!

Hail! great Au-re - lian, hail!

Hail! great Au-re - lian, hail!

rall. *ff* *Andante.* *3*

*Allegro moderato.*CHIEF PRIEST. *p**Allegro moderato.* ♩ = 76.

At this our beauteous

*pp**f**pp*

Tem-ple's, de-di-ca-tion, Our will-ing hands we raise; And to the gods..

a tempo.

. . we of-ferrich ob-la-tion, In sa-cri-fice and praise.

a tempo.
cres.

. . we of-ferrich ob-la-tion, In sa-cri-fice and praise.

a tempo.
cres.

CHORUS (ROMANS).

At this our beauteous Tem-ple's de-di-ca-tion, Our willing hands we raise,—
 At this our beauteous Tem-ple's de-di-ca-tion, Our willing hands we raise,—
 At this our beauteous Tem-ple's de-di-ca-tion, Our willing hands we raise,—
 At this our beauteous Tem-ple's de-di-ca-tion, Our willing hands we raise,—

f *p*

And to the gods . . we of-fer rich ob-la-tion, In sa-cri-fice and
 And to the gods . . we of-fer rich ob-la-tion, In sa-cri-fice and
 And to the gods . . we of-fer rich ob-la-tion, In sa-cri-fice and
 And to the gods . . we of-fer rich ob-la-tion, In sa-cri-fice and

CHIEF PRIEST. 12

Great Ju-pi-ter! Su-preme in pow'r and splen-dour!

praise.
 praise.
 praise.
 praise.

12 *f* *p*

We at thy al-tar fall! Be as of old, . . our ev-er strong de-
fend-er, When on thy name we call!

ten. *a tempo.*

ten. *a tempo. cres.*

CHORUS (ROMANS).

Great Ju-pi-ter! Su-preme in power and splen-dour! We at thy al-tar fall!

Great Ju-pi-ter! Su-preme in power and splen-dour! We at thy al-tar fall!

Great Ju-pi-ter! Su-preme in power and splen-dour! We at thy al-tar fall!

Great Ju-pi-ter! Su-preme in power and splen-dour! We at thy al-tar fall!

mf

Be as of old, . . our ev-er strong de-fend-er, When on thy name we

Be as of old, . . our ev-er strong de-fend-er, When on thy name we

Be as of old, . . our ev-er strong de-fend-er, When on thy name we

Be as of old, . . our ev-er strong de-fend-er, When on thy name we

CHIEF PRIEST.

13

Thou might-y one . . who speakest in the

call !

call !

call !

call !

13

*cres.**f* *mf*

thun - ders,

O hear us when we cry !

Thou chief of gods . .

ten.

. . . who workest mighty won - ders,

O hear us when we cry !

ten. *a tempo.* *cres.*

14 CHORUS (ROMANS). *f* 21

Thou might-y one . . . who speakest in the thun - ders,
 Thou might-y one . . . who speakest in the thun - ders,
 Thou might-y one . . . who speakest in the thun - ders,
 Thou might-y one . . . who speakest in the thun - ders,

ff *f*

cres.
 O hear us when we cry! Thou chief of gods . . . who workest mighty won - ders,
 O hear us when we cry! Thou chief of gods . . . who workest mighty won - ders,
 O hear us when we cry! Thou chief of gods . . . who workest mighty won - ders,
 O hear us when we cry! Thou chief of gods . . . who workest mighty won - ders,

cres. *cres.* *cres.* *cres.*

THE VOICE OF PORTIA (heard in the distance).
 15 *Andante.*

God is but one! E - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in -
 O hear us when we cry!
 O hear us when we cry!
 O hear us when we cry!
 O hear us when we cry!

rit. *ff* *rit.* *ff* *rit.* *ff* *rit.* *ff*

15 *Andante.* $\text{♩} = 63.$

ff *rit.* *ff* *p*

cres. *f* *cres.* *ff* *rit.* ³

vi - si - ble! Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but one! God is but

cres. *f* *rit.*

16 Allegro.

one!

CHIEF PRIEST. *p*

16 Allegro. $\text{♩} = 138.$

ffpp

Who dares to thus blaspheme the gods of

Rome! A - way with them, . . . for they shall surely

CHORUS (ROMANS).

pp A - way,

pp A - way,

die!

pp A - way, a - way with them, for they shall

pp A - way, a - way with them, for they shall

cres. A - way with them, for they shall sure - ly die! a -

cres. A - way with them, for they shall sure - ly die! a -

cres. sure - ly die! a - way with them, for they shall die! See, see! the hea - vens grow

cres. sure - ly die! a - way with them, for they shall die! See, see! the hea - vens grow

pp - way with them, for they shall sure - ly die! See, see! the hea - vens grow

pp - way with them, for they shall sure - ly die! See, see! the hea - vens grow

cres. *pp*

24

17

cres.

dark! . . it is the frown Of an - gered gods!

cres.

dark! . . it is the frown Of an - gered gods!

cres.

dark! . . it is the frown Of an - gered gods!

cres.

Death to the Na-zarenes!

cres.

Death to the Na-zarenes!

8va

cres.

p

cres.

cres.

cres.

Death to the Na-za-renes!

Death to the Na-za-renes!

Death to the Na-za-renes!

Death to the Na-za-renes!

Death to the Na-za-renes!

The

8va

Death to the Na-za-renes!

The

cres.

The lightnings leap!

the lightnings leap!

spare us, great

cres.

The lightnings leap!

the lightnings leap!

spare us, great

cres.

lightnings leap!

the lightnings leap!

spare us, great Ju - pi - ter!

cres.

lightnings leap!

the lightnings leap!

spare us, great Ju - pi - ter!

8va

cres.

cres.

Ju - pi - ter, spare us, great Ju - pi - ter ! The thun - ders roll, the
 Ju - pi - ter, spare us, great Ju - pi - ter ! The thun - ders roll, the
 spare us, great Ju - pi - ter ! The thun - ders roll, the al - tar fires are quenched !
 spare us, great Ju - pi - ter ! The thun - ders roll, the al - tar fires are quenched !
 al - tar fires are quenched ! the thun - ders roll, the al - tar fires are quenched ! Death,
 al - tar fires are quenched ! the thun - ders roll, the al - tar fires are quenched ! Death,
 the thun - ders roll, the al - tar fires are quenched ! Death to the Na - za - renes,
 the thun - ders roll, the al - tar fires are quenched ! Death to the Na - za - renes,
 death to the Na - za - renes ! death, death, death, death to the Na - za - renes !
 death to the Na - za - renes ! death, death, death, death to the Na - za - renes !
 death, death, death, death to the Na - za - renes ! death, death, death !
 death, death, death, death to the Na - za - renes ! death, death, death !

8276.

8276.

PROBUS.

With religious enthusiasm.

O voice be - lov - ed, pure as an - gel tone, Thy word is

molto rit. *ppp tremolo.*

truth, thy mes - sage all di - vine, The God of

Je - - sus, He is God a - lone, — So let thy

faith, and let thy fate be mine! . . . O voice be - lov - ed, speak yet once a -

ten.

gain, — From thy pure soul I catch the sacred flame — Thy faith be

pp

mine, whate'er may be the pain! . . . Thy faith be mine, e'en to

cres.

death of shame! Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but one! God is but

cres.

8va

cres.

cres.

21 Più mosso.

one!

CHORUS (ROMANS).

f

Death to the Na - za - renes! death, death! To the li - ons! The Christians to the

f

Death to the Na - za - renes! death, death! To the li - ons! The Christians to the

f

Death to the Na - za - renes! death, death! To the li - ons! The Christians to the

f

Death to the Na - za - renes! death, death! To the li - ons! The Christians to the

21 Più mosso. ♩ = 66.

f

li - ons! Away with them, a - way! . . they deny And mock the gods of Rome, they deny and

li - ons! Away with them, a - way! . . they deny And mock the gods of Rome, they deny and

li - ons! Away with them, a - way! . . they deny And mock the gods of Rome, they deny and

li - ons! Away with them, a - way! . . they deny And mock the gods of Rome, they deny and

cres.

f Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but one! God is but

mock the gods of Rome! Death to them! Away with them! Death,

mock the gods of Rome! Death to them! Away with them! Death,

mock the gods of Rome! Death to them! Away with them! Death,

mock the gods of Rome! Death to them! Away with them! Death,

8va *cres.*

one!

death to the Na - za - renes! Death, death! The Christians to the

death to the Na - za - renes! Death, death! The Christians to the

death to the Na - za - renes! Death, death! The Christians to the

death to the Na - za - renes! Death, death! The Christians to the

22 *Allegro moderato.* $\text{♩} = 66.$
Sva.

f

lions! they de - ny And mock the gods of Rome!

lions! they de - ny And mock the gods of Rome!

lions! they de - ny And mock the gods of Rome!

lions! they de - ny And mock the gods of Rome!

Sva.

Adagio.

Death! *molto rit. ten.* A - way with them!

Death! *molto rit. ten.* A - way with them!

Death! *molto rit. ten.* A - way with them!

Death! *molto rit. ten.* A - way with them!

Adagio.

Sva.

ten. molto rit. ten.

3 3

V V V V V V V V V V

PART II.—THE PRISON (*Midnight*).

Andante.

PIANO.
♩ = 48.

pp legato.

pp Organ.

CHORUS (CHRISTIANS).

23

SOPRANO.

Wea-ry pil - grims, know no fear, Though by cru-el wrong op - press'd, God will

ALTO.

Wea-ry pil - grims, know no fear, Though by cru-el wrong op - press'd, God will

TENOR.

Wea-ry pil - grims, know no fear, Though by cru-el wrong op - press'd, God will

BASS.

Wea-ry pil - grims, know no fear, Though by cru-el wrong op - press'd, God will

23

dry your ev-'ry tear, He will guide you to your rest, .. He will guide you to your
 dry your ev-'ry tear, He will guide you to your rest, .. He will guide you to your
 dry your ev-'ry tear, He will guide you to your rest, .. He will guide you to your
 dry your ev-'ry tear, He will guide you to your rest, .. He will guide you to your

mf *ppp* *rit.*

rest.
 rest.
 rest.
 rest.
 rest.
 Organ and Orchestra.

pp with expression.

pp

24 *pp*

Who are these whose gar-ments white, Realms of deathless love a - dorn ! These are they from

Who are these whose gar-ments white, Realms of deathless love a - dorn ! These are they from

Who are these whose gar-ments white, Realms of deathless love a - dorn ! These are they from

Who are these whose gar-ments white, Realms of deathless love a - dorn ! These are they from

24

sorrow's night, Souls by pain and an - guish torn.

sorrow's night, Souls by pain and an - guish torn.

sorrow's night, Souls by pain and an - guish torn.

sorrow's night, Souls by pain and an - guish torn.

pp Org.

25 84

pp Thus may we find sweet re - lease, When from all our trou-bles free, In that

pp Thus may we find sweet re - lease, When from all our trou-bles free, In that

pp Thus may we find sweet re - lease, When from all our trou-bles free, In that

pp Thus may we find sweet re - lease, When from all our trou-bles free, In that

25

mf ra - dant home of peace, We shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, *ppp* rit. we shall dwell, dear Lord, with

mf ra - dant home of peace, We shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, *ppp* rit. we shall dwell, dear Lord, with

mf ra - dant home of peace, We shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, *ppp* rit. we shall dwell, dear Lord, with

mf ra - dant home of peace, We shall dwell, dear Lord, with Thee, *ppp* rit. we shall dwell, dear Lord, with

Thee!

Thee!

Thee!

Thee!

Organ and Orchestra.

pp

3 3 3



A . . . men. . . .
 A . . . men. . . .
 A . . . men. . . .
 A . . . men. . . .

ppp
ppp
ppp
ppp

pp
ppp

26 *Larghetto.* ♩ = 126.
legato.

pp Very peacefully.

ppp

PORTIA.

pp very peacefully.

'Tis mid-night, and the stars . . . like an - gel

eyes, Gaze on Im - pe - rial Rome .

A gen - - - - - tle

peace, Breathes from the tran - - - - - quil depths of si - lent

night; All, all is hushed, save the slow,

cres.

cres.

mea - sured tread . . . Of lone - ly sen - ti - nel, . . . or faint and

cres. *dim.* *pp*

far, . . . The trum - pet of the watch, . . . and fit - ful - ly,

cres. *cres.* *f* *dim.*

Thro' massive walls, . . . the deep and muffled tones . . . Of fam - ished

p

li - ons, . . . in - dis - tinct yet dread, . . . Like thun - der

pp *tr*

roll - ing on the dis - tant

dim.

hills.

dim.

27

dim.

rit.

PROBUS.

pp

Death's night is dark, but heaven's fair

ppp a tempo.

morn is near!

Hast thou a

fear, . . . O my be - lov - ed, O my be

PORTIA.
 I hear the voice . . . of Je - sus sweet - ly

lov - ed? . . .

cres.

call - ing, . . . In ho - ly tones, through all the

cres.

cres.

a - ges blest, — . . . "Be not a - fraid, . . . for I am with you

ev - er, Be not a - fraid, . . . for I will

f *dim.*

cres. *f* *dim.*

give you rest!"

Where is thy sting, O death! . . .

28

pp

Soon shall we lay . . . our hea - vy

. . . where, grave, thy tri - umph! where! . . .

Ped.

cross - es down, . . .

And in our home of nev - er fa - ding

pp rall.

Re - ceive the prize of

glo - - - ry,

Re - ceive the prize of

rit.

our im - mor - tal crown!

our im - mor - tal crown!

ppp

This system contains three staves. The top two are vocal staves with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/2. The piano part begins with a *ppp* dynamic and includes a crescendo hairpin.

29 *Stesso movimento.*

This system contains two vocal staves. The key signature remains three flats and the time signature is 4/2. The staves are mostly empty, indicating rests for the vocalists.

29 CHORUS (ANGELS).

bouche fermée.

bouche fermée.

bouche fermée.

bouche fermée.

bouche fermée.

This system contains four vocal staves. Each staff has the instruction *bouche fermée.* written above it. The key signature is three flats and the time signature is 4/2. The staves show some musical notation at the end, indicating the start of the chorus.

29 *Stesso movimento.*

ppp

rit.

a tempo.

This system contains two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is three flats and the time signature is 4/2. The piano part begins with a *ppp* dynamic, followed by a *rit.* (ritardando) and then *a tempo.* markings.

p At death's dark por-tal un-dis-mayed, . . . With eye of faith I pierce the

p At death's dark por-tal un-dis-mayed,

ppp At death's dark por-tal un-dis-mayed, . . .

ppp At death's dark por-tal un-dis-mayed, . . .

ppp At death's dark por-tal un-dis-mayed, . . .

ppp At death's dark por-tal un-dis-mayed, . . .

shade, . . . Assured that Je-sus waits me there, . . . With welcome

With eye of faith I pierce the shade, Assured that Je-sus waits me there, . . . With welcome

With eye of faith ye pierce the shade, . . . As .

With eye of faith ye pierce the shade, . . . As .

With eye of faith ye pierce the shade, . . . As .

With eye of faith ye pierce the shade, . . . As .

to His man-sions fair; O'er-joyed that I should wor-thy

to His man-sions fair; O'er-joyed that I should wor-thy

-sured that Je-sus wait-eth there

-sured that Je-sus wait-eth there

-sured that Je-sus wait-eth there

-sured that Je-sus wait-eth there

rit. 30
be, To die for Him, Who died for me.

rit. 30
be, To die for Him, Who died for me.

rit. 30
for you.

rit. 30
for you.

rit. 30
for you.

rit. 30
for you.

pp

Measures 31-34. The first system consists of five staves, each containing a whole rest. The second system features a piano accompaniment with chords and triplets, and a vocal line with a 'Sura' marking and a triplet.

31

Measures 31-34. The first system consists of five staves with rests. The second system contains a piano part with chords and triplets, and a vocal line with a triplet. The third system contains five staves, with the vocal line starting on 'Ye' and marked 'ppp'. The fourth system contains a piano part with chords and triplets, and a vocal line with a triplet.

31

A warriorspent with woundsand

ppp Ye

ppp Ye

ppp Ye

ppp Ye

31

A warrior spent with wounds and strife, I come to death, the Gate of
 strife, ... I come to death, the Gate of Life; ...

war - riors spent with wounds and strife, . . . Now come to
 war - riors spent with wounds and strife, . . . Now come to
 war - riors spent with wounds and strife, . . . Now come to
 war - riors spent with wounds and strife, . . . Now come to

Life; This side is dark, but why des - pond . . . When heaven's own glo - ry glows be -
 This side is dark, but why des - pond . . . When heaven's own glo - ry glows be -

death, the Gate of Life; . . . This side is dark, but
 death, the Gate of Life; . . . This side is dark, but
 death, the Gate of Life; . . . This side is dark, but
 death, the Gate of Life; . . . This side is dark, but

- yond! And hark! my spi-rit seems to hear, The an-gel voi-ces soft and

- yond! And hark! my spi-rit seems to hear, The an-gel voi-ces soft and

why des - - - pond! Ye

why des - - - pond! Ye

why des - - - pond! Ye

why des - - - pond! Ye

rall. e dim. *Adagio.* *pp*

clear, the an-gel voi-ces soft and clear, soft . . and clear! . . .

rall. e dim. *Adagio.* *pp*

clear, the an-gel voi-ces soft and clear, soft . . and clear! . . .

rall. e dim. *Adagio.* *ppp*

hear the an-gel voi-ces soft and clear! . . .

rall. e dim. *ppp*

hear the an-gel voi-ces soft and clear! . . .

rall. e dim. *ppp*

hear the an-gel voi-ces soft and clear! . . .

hear soft . . and clear! . . .

Adagio. *ppp*

PART III.—THE ARENA.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.
♩. 128.

pp

cres.

cres. *cres.*

32

cres. *fff* *p* *f*

pp

CHIEF PRIEST.

With-in the vast a-re-na, tier on tier, . . The countless

thou-sands wait. . . . Their voi - ces come, . . . Like the loud

33

mur - mur of the rest - less sea Up - on a beat - en strand.

34

f *pp*

Look down ye gods ! Look down, and from your

so - lemn heights ap - prove ! . . . Hark, 'tis the trum - pets ! great Au -

mf *p*

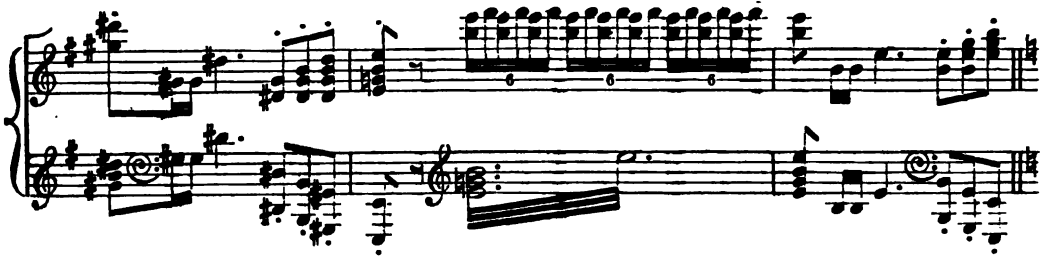
- re - lian comes ! With haughty stride .. he pass - es to his place, While the huge

cres.

35

walls . . with bois - t'rous wel - comes ring.

f



CHORUS (ROMANS).
Tempo di marcia.

SOPRANO.

Hail! might-y Con-quer-or! all

ALTO.

Hail! might-y Con-quer-or! all

TENOR.

Hail! might-y Con-quer-or! all

BASS.

Hail! might-y Con-quer-or! all

Tempo di marcia. $\text{♩} = 112.$



Hail! might-y Em-per-or! all hail! might-y Em-per-or! Thy

Hail! might-y Em-per-or! all hail! might-y Em-per-or! Thy

Hail! might-y Em-per-or! all hail! might-y Em-per-or! Thy

Hail! might-y Em-per-or! all hail! might-y Em-per-or! Thy

vic-tor sword hath spread a-far, all hail!

vic-tor sword hath spread a-far, all hail!

vic-tor sword hath spread a-far, all hail!

vic-tor sword hath spread a-far, all hail!

The glo-ry of tri-umphant war! All

The glo-ry of tri-umphant war! All

The glo-ry of tri-umphant war! All

The glo-ry of tri-umphant war! All

All hail, . . . all hail, all hail, all hail !
 All hail, . . . all hail, all hail, all hail !
 hail, . . . all hail, . . . all hail, all hail !
 hail, . . . all hail, . . . all hail, all hail !

dim.

37

CHIEF PRIEST.

Thy vic - tor sword . . . hath spread a - far, . . . The
 glo - ry . . . of tri-umphant war! . . . And thou wilt
 deal swift death to those, Who to thy coun-try's gods are

foes !

CHORUS.

Thy vic - tor sword . . . hath spread a - far, The

Thy vic - tor sword . . . hath spread a - far, The

Thy vic - tor sword . . . hath spread a - far, The

38 Thy vic - tor sword . . . hath spread a - far, The

glo - ry of tri-umphant war, the glo - ry of tri-umphant war !

glo - ry of tri-umphant war, the glo - ry of tri-umphant war !

glo - ry of tri-umphant war, the glo - ry of tri-umphant war !

glo - ry of tri-umphant war, the glo - ry of tri-umphant war !

And thou wilt deal swift death to those, to those,

And . . . thou wilt deal . . . swift death, swift death to those,

And thou wilt deal swift death to those, to those,

And . . . thou wilt deal . . . swift death, swift death to those,

Who to thy coun-try's gods are foes, to thy country's gods are foes !

Who to thy coun-try's gods are foes, to thy country's gods are foes !

Who to thy coun-try's gods are foes, to thy country's gods are foes !

Who to thy coun-try's gods are foes, to thy country's gods are foes !

8va

rit.

a tempo.

All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail, all

All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail, all

All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail, all

All hail, all hail, all hail, all hail, all

40 *Andantino.*

hail, all hail, all hail, all hail !

hail, all hail, all hail, all hail !

hail, all hail, all hail, all hail !

hail, all hail, all hail, all hail !

40 *Andantino.*

trem.

ff *pp*

PROBUE.

The hour is come ; now with un-fal - ter-ing steps, We

go to meet the Mas - ter ; let no eye, With -

in the dread - ful cir-cle shrink with fear, But each to each breathe

cour - age and re - solve. A hush falls on the

peo - ple :— let us raise The fearless hymn of those a - bout to die.

CHORUS (CHRISTIANS).
Andante.

ppp The Lord is on our side!

ppp The Lord is on our side!

ppp The Lord is on our side!

ppp The Lord is on our side!

41
Andante.

pppp

Adagio. ppp

ppp Why should we be a - fraid, . . The lamps of hea - ven in beau - ty shine, A -

ppp Why should we be a - fraid, . . The lamps of hea - ven in beau - ty shine, A -

ppp Why should we be a - fraid, . . The lamps of hea - ven in beau - ty shine, A -

ppp Why should we be a - fraid, . . The lamps of hea - ven in beau - ty shine, A -

Adagio. ♩ = 40.

ppp legatissimo.

- cross death's dreary shade. The Lord is on our side!

- cross death's dreary shade, The Lord is on our side!

- cross death's dreary shade, The Lord is on our side!

- cross death's dreary shade, The Lord is on our side!

And from the dis-tant skies, We catch . . e'en now . . the

And from the dis-tant skies, We catch . . e'en now . . the

And from the dis-tant skies, We catch . . e'en now . . the

And from the dis-tant skies, We catch . . e'en now . . the

deathless strains of an-gel har-mo-nies. The Lord is on our side!

deathless strains of an-gel har-mo-nies. The Lord is on our side!

deathless strains of an-gel har-mo-nies. The Lord is on our side!

deathless strains of an-gel har-mo-nies. The Lord is on our side!

Why should we be a - fraid.

Why should we be a - fraid.

Why should we be a - fraid.

Why should we be a - fraid, The Lord is on our side!

dim. rit. pp dim. ppp

42 *sotto voce.*
pp
 The Lord has called us home, . . . To His own man - sions fair, He holds to
sotto voce.
pp
 The Lord has called us home, . . . To His own man - sions fair, He holds to
sotto voce.
pp
 The Lord has called us home, . . . To His own man - sions fair, He holds to
sotto voce.
pp
 The Lord has called us home, . . . To His own man - sions fair, He holds to

42
sotto voce.

sempre pp
 us His lov-ing arms, And bids us wel - come there. The Lord has called us
sempre pp
 us His lov-ing arms, And bids us wel - come there. The Lord has called us
sempre pp
 us His lov-ing arms, And bids us wel - come there. The Lord has called us
sempre pp
 us His lov-ing arms, And bids us wel - come there. The Lord has called us

Ped. *

Andante.
ppp
 home, To His own man-sions fair, to His own man-sions fair.
ppp
 home, To His own man-sions fair, to His own man-sions fair.
ppp
 home, To His own man-sions fair, to His own man-sions fair.
ppp
 home, To His own man-sions fair, to His own man-sions fair.
Andante.
ppp

PORTIA.

*pp**cres.*

God is but one! E - ter - nal, im - mor - tal, in - vi - si - ble!

*cres.**cres.**ff**rit.*Thy gods, O Rome, are false! God is but one, God is but
8va.....*ff**rit.*

44

one!

CHORUS (ROMANS).
Allegro.

Death, death,

death,

Death,

death,

death,

death,

Death,

death, death,

death,

death, death,

Death,

death, death,

death,

44 *Allegro.* $\text{♩} = 128$.*ff pp*

death to the Nazarenes! death to the Nazarenes!

death to the Nazarenes! death to the Nazarenes!

death to the Nazarenes! death to the Nazarenes!

death to the Nazarenes! death to the Nazarenes!

death to the Nazarenes!

lo, they blaspheme Our sa-cred gods!

lo, they blaspheme Our sa-cred gods!

lo, they blaspheme Our sa-cred gods!

lo, they blaspheme Our sa-cred gods!

45 'Tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers!

'Tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers!

Ah! hark! ah!

Ah! hark! ah!

45 8va 8va

cres.

cres.

'tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers! Ah! hark!

cres.

'tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers! Ah! hark!

cres.

hark! 'tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers!

cres.

hark! 'tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers!

Sua

Sua

cres.

ah! hark! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

ah! hark! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

cres.

'tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

cres.

'tis the an-gry roar of the a-ven-gers! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

Sua

cres.

- fy the de-i-ties of Rome! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

- fy the de-i-ties of Rome! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

- fy the de-i-ties of Rome! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

- fy the de-i-ties of Rome! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-

fy the de-i-ties of Rome, who dare de-

fy the de-i-ties of Rome, who dare de-

fy the de-i-ties of Rome, who dare de-

fy the de-i-ties of Rome, who dare de-

46

fy the de-i-ties of Rome!

fy the de-i-ties of Rome!

fy the de-i-ties of Rome!

fy the de-i-ties of Rome!

Sua

Sua

cres.

who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

Sua

cres.

who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

PORTIA.

Andante mosso.

PROBUS.

For -

For -

Rome!

To

death,

to

Rome!

To

death,

to

Rome!

To

death,

to

Rome!

To

death,

to

Andante mosso. ♩ = 68.

47

- sake

your

gods,

O

Ro -

mans!

- sake

your

gods,

O

Ro -

mans!

47

death!

death!

death!

death!

47

pp

turn to Him Who on His

throne e - ter - nal lives and

reigns! He
lives and reigns! He

will for - give your sins through

His dear Son, And make you

His dear Son, And make you

liv - ing tem - ples of His

liv - ing tem - ples of His

praise, And make you

praise, And make you

liv - ing tem - ples of His

liv - ing tem - ples of His

48

praise.

praise.

48 CHORUS (ROMANS).

See,

See,

See,

See,

48

*cres.**Più mosso.*

see! they come! the de - sert li - ons come!

see! they come! . . the de - sert li - ons come!

see! they come! the de - sert li - ons come!

see! they come! . . the de - sert li - ons come!

Più mosso. ♩ - 34.

With light - ning leap they bound a - cross the sand ! Thus per - ish

With light - ning leap they bound a - cross the sand ! Thus per - ish

With light - ning leap they bound a - cross the sand ! Thus per - ish

With light - ning leap they bound a - cross the sand ! Thus per - ish

[illegible]

49 *Allegro deciso.*

Rome, are false! God is but one, God is but one!

Rome, are false! God is but one, God is but one!

crea. Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all, thus per-ish all! Death to the

crea. Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all, thus per-ish all! Death to the

crea. Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all, thus per-ish all! Death to the

crea. Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all, thus per-ish all! Death to the

Sua

49 *Allegro deciso.* $\text{♩} = 76$

Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

Na-zar-enes! Thus per-ish all Who dare de-fy the de-i-ties of

Sua

Rome! death! . . . thus per - ish all!

Rome! death! . . . thus per - ish all!

Rome! death! . . . thus per - ish all!

Rome! death! . . . thus per - ish all!

Sua

cres. ed accel.

cres. ed accel.

cres. ed accel.

Andante. fff ⁵⁰

thus per - ish all! . . .

fff ⁵⁰

thus per - ish all! . . .

fff ⁵⁰

thus per - ish all! . . .

fff ⁵⁰

thus per - ish all! . . .

Andante. ⁶ ³ *Sua* *Allegro sostenuto assai. ♩ = 76.* ⁵⁰

fff stentate. *ff Organ Solo.*

SOPRANOS. (*A few Sopranos and Contraltos behind, from a distance.*)

CONTRALTOS.

The fight is o - ver and the vic - to - ry

The fight is o - ver and the vic - to - ry

pp Organ and Harp Solos.

won! The dark - wing'd an - gel brings a kind re - lease; They

won!.. The dark - wing'd an - gel brings a kind re - lease; They

cres. *f* *pp*
hear the words, "O faith-ful souls, well done, well done! Your loved ones wait you in

cres. *f* *pp*
hear the words, "O faith-ful souls, well done, well done! Your loved ones wait you in

cres. *f* *pp*

rit.

51

71

your home of peace."

rit.

your home of peace."

51

rit.

f a tempo.

cres.

cres.

cres.

CHORUS.

Fling wide the gold-en gates! Let glo-ry stream A-far in-to the night!

Fling wide the gold-en gates! Let glo-ry stream A-far.. in-to the night!

Fling wide the gold-en gates! Let glo-ry stream A-far in-to the night!

Fling wide the gold-en gates! Let glo-ry stream A-far.. in-to the night!

ff Tutti.

Ye choir-ing hosts, Whose wings make paths of light a-mong the stars,

Ye choir-ing hosts, Whose wings make paths of light a-mong the stars,

Ye choir-ing hosts, Whose wings make paths of light a-mong the stars,

Ye choir-ing hosts, Whose wings make paths of light a-mong the stars,

rit.

Strike your loud harps! Let Heaven's vast arch - es ring,
 Strike your loud harps! Let Heaven's vast arch - es ring, With an - gel wel-comes to the
 Strike your loud harps! Let Heaven's vast arch - es ring,
 Strike your loud harps! Let Heaven's vast arch - es ring, With an - gel wel-comes to the

52

a tempo.

With an - gel wel-comes to the mar - tyr band,
 mar - tyr band, With an - gel wel-comes to the mar - tyr band!
 With an - gel wel-comes to the mar - tyr band!
 mar - tyr band, With an - gel wel-comes to the mar - tyr band!

Glo - ry to Him who sits up - on the throne, glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Glo - ry to Him who sits up - on the throne, glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Glo - ry to Him who sits up - on the throne, glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Glo - ry to Him who sits up - on the throne, glo - ry, glo - ry,

53 *Più adagio.*

glo - - ry! Who lives and reigns, world with - out end. A -

glo - - ry! Who lives and reigns, world with - out end. A -

glo - - ry! Who lives and reigns, world with - out end. A -

glo - - ry! Who lives and reigns, world with - out end. A -

53 *Più adagio* ♩ = 58.

men, . . . A - men, . . . A - men. . . .

men, . . . A - men, . . . A - men. . . .

men, . . . A - men, . . . A - men. . . .

men, . . . A - men, . . . A - men. . . .

a tempo. rit. 8va

THE END.



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AND
THE REV. WILLIAM RUSSELL, M.A., Mus. BAC., OXON.
(Succentor of St. Paul's Cathedral).

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